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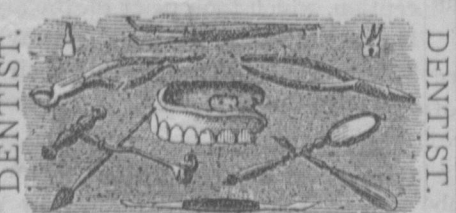
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1877.

NUMBER 49.

POETRY.

THE WILL MAKES THE WAY.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle lay,
"They're in such a fortress—
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way or make it!"

In fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high,
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way or make it!"

In learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To find a way or make it.

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought—
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought;
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it,
Who says with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way or make it!"

—JOHN G. SAGE.

STORE TELLER.

THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

The foregoing title was the inscrip-
tion I read in antique characters upon
the tarnished door plate as I rang the
bell.

Simultaneously with the faint tinkle
in the basement there arose a weird
noise, half shriek, half laugh, that never
could have proceeded from any hu-
man lips—almost fiendish in its wild
fierceness, and then gradually dying
away in accents of despairing piteous-
ness.

I started back involuntarily, and
was still standing confused and bewil-
dered when a young girl opened the
door, and as I asked to see Mr. Bal-
ladrant I could not keep my eyes
from scanning her countenance, which
struck me as being the fairest and
most expressive I had ever seen.

Not of the florid type of beauty. No
golden hair and melting azure eyes.
Hair of a rich dark brown, around a
broad white brow; eyes of a deep
dark gray; true womanly eyes, elo-
quent to those who could view them
aright, with a story of mingled strength
of mind and faithful love.

Her form small and delicate, yet
with a suppleness that told of health;
while all her features were regular and
her teeth pearly white. Yet there was
something in her face, with all its deli-
cate beauty, that told roses had not al-
ways blossomed through the summer
of her youth.

I could not help noticing the trou-
bled expression, almost a look of pain,
that swept over her features as I spoke,
and I hastened to explain that I had a
letter of introduction from a professor
of the college where I had studied,
stating I wished to take some lessons
in music, and thinking she might be
disposed to instruct me.

Again the troubled look intensified
if anything. She did not reply, how-
ever, but led the way into a desolate
little parlor, and asking me to be seat-
ed went out, closing the door after her.

I looked around the dreary, cheer-
less room, and out of the window on
the not enlivening prospect of back-
yard, closed around by the rear of dingy
brick buildings, and thought what
a joyless place for one so young and
fair to have to live in. Then my mind
reverted to the weird noise I had
heard, and wondered what it could be.

As I was thinking the door opened
and a tall man with long gray hair and
flowing beard entered, accompanied
by his daughter. His figure was much
stooped at the shoulders, and his once
strikingly handsome face was covered
by a many a wrinkle and, moreover, bore
a most peculiar expression, as though
he constantly strove to catch some far-
off sound.

Miss Balladrant's words explained
it: "Papa has lately had the bitter mis-
fortune to lose his powers of hearing,"
she said. "Indeed, he has become to-
tally deaf, and you will have to com-
municate your thoughts to him in
writing."

He seemed to know what she was
saying.

"Yes," he said, "my hearing is be-
coming weakened, and I shall trouble
you to write anything you wish to say
or let my little girl do it for you."

Miss Balladrant turned her eyes
upon him with a fond expression, and,
through the medium of a small slate,
which hung at her waist, let her fa-
ther know that as I had studied before
it was principally practice upon the
piano under a competent instructor I
wished, and he fixed the time for the
first lesson on the following day.

I was on my way to the door when
Miss Balladrant very nervously
spoke—

"I should have—indeed I meant to
have told you that—papa is often un-
well—and, perhaps, if you do not ob-
ject—I shall have sometimes to take
his place."

I have no doubt my face showed the
surprise I felt, for she walked quickly
to the piano—the only article of any
value in the room—opened it and sat
down.

"Do you doubt my ability?" she said
with a touch of pride.

She did not give me time to reply,
but running her fingers over the keys
for a moment, awoke them into life,
making the air vibrate with a volume
of music like something of Bach's, al-
most startling one to hear the crash
and rumble like an Alpine storm—a
very avalanche of tempestuous harmo-
ny.

After the dull gloom that pervaded
the room but a moment before, one
could easily imagine it to be an im-
passioned account of the creation, and
that the quivering chords beneath the
touch of those delicate fingers gave
forth the music of the spheres and the
rush of the waters as they surged over
the shoreless world.

Then came a grand, triumphant
hymn, a rapturous song of praise, that
might have swelled from the throats
of the angels proclaiming the approval
of the Holy Spirit that it was good.

Then a dreamy, moonlight sort of
song without words, typical of nature
asleep and the solitude of the vast
continents; and last, the daintiest,
airiest, most sprite-like air—dainty,
airy and sprite-like of anything Chopin
ever wrote, almost too ethereal to be
human, like the first glad pulsations of
the wonderful mystery of life.

"Beautiful!" was all I could say as
she rose, her lovely face aglow with
the delicious pride which springs from
the consciousness of power.

"Miss Balladrant," I said, earnest-
ly, after a pause. "I never for an in-
stant doubted your ability to instruct
me, but had I done so, your perfor-
mance would convince the most skepti-
cal."

This was our introduction to each
other. What her feelings may have
been I can not tell; neither can I anal-
yze my own—charmed, bewildered,
with all the romance of my nature
awakened, and my curiosity aroused as
to the source of that unearthly cry.

The next day at the appointed time
I was there, and for a week I went regu-
larly, until I came to regard it as the
only period of real pleasure in the day.

My beautiful instructress and I had
become excellent friends, and I liked
to tell myself that when I was with
her that anxious look became less
marked and her whole being brighten-
ed up.

Her father ever sat in the rock-
ing-chair during the lessons, but seldom
speaking, except to his daughter, whom
he usually called "his little girl," but
sometimes Camille.

One day I saw he was annoyed at
something, and Camille's face did not
brighten up as was its wont.

We went through our lesson mecha-
nically; she was evidently troubled about
something, and I felt conscious I was
intruding upon some household dis-
tress.

When the lesson was over, and I rose
to take my leave, the old man address-
ed me.

"Miss Balladrant," he said—it was
the first time I had ever heard him
either address or speak so to her—
"has been trying to persuade me that I
am growing childish, and that my hand
has forgotten the instrument I have
played since my childhood. I shall

leave it to you whether she speaks the
truth or not."

As he spoke he took a violin from a
case beside him, and arranging the
strings, glanced triumphantly towards
his daughter, but she had buried her
face in her hands, and was sobbing
silently.

The moment he drew the bow across
the strings I thought there was some-
thing amiss, and then, oh, powers of
discord, the noise I had heard when I
first stood upon the step—such hide-
ous wailing and shrieks as filled the
room. No one with the veriest knowl-
edge of music could have touched these
strings. Had an infant the necessary
strength of arm and wrist he would
have produced as much harmony.

Surprised and bewildered, I knew
not how to act.

Unwilling for Camille's sake to sit
and hear, and not wishing for the same
reason to offend the old man by taking
my leave, I knew not how to act.

Suddenly Camille started to her feet,
her face flushed crimson and her eyes
swollen with tears.

"Are you a gentleman?" she cried,
hysterically, "to sit there and see an old
childish man make a fool of himself!
Perhaps, though it amuses you. If so,
pray enjoy it!"

"Camille," I pleaded, "you are un-
just!"

"Go!" she shrieked, wildly, and point-
ing to the door. "Go!"

"You are unjust," I said again; "but
believe me I pity you from the bottom
of my heart. By and by, when you
can think, remember I am your friend
till death."

I walked miles that afternoon, but
the house had fascination for me, and
almost unconsciously I retraced my
steps.

As I drew near I saw a crowd gath-
ered around the door, and hurrying on,
I asked one of the bystanders what
was the matter.

"Matter enough. The old feller's
dead, and the girl's half crazy, and
keeps on crying out that she killed
him."

I found it was too true, the violin
lay dashed to pieces on the floor, the
old man was dead, and the daughter
lay in a swoon, with a doctor trying to
restore her.

She gradually recovered conscious-
ness, but only to break into fresh de-
nunciations of herself as having killed
him. At length, however, she wore
herself completely out, and, under the
doctor's management, sank into a deep
slumber.

The Coroner gave the verdict that
the old man had died of heart disease
accelerated by usual excitement. Then,
giving the doctor a *carte blanche*, I saw
that everything that money could do
was done before I left.

I called next morning early and
found Camille sitting up in an easy-
chair, but weak and exhausted.

"I wish to see you," she said, "to
thank you from the bottom of my heart
for the kindness you have shown, but
I am very poor, and never can repay
you."

I tried to stop her, but she would
not hear me, and she told me the story,
the bitter story of her life. How her
father had been gradually losing his
hearing until about three years before,
when he had been attacked by some
peculiar affection of the brain which
completely puzzled the doctors, and
when he had recovered his strength
his musical powers were completely
gone; how she had kept the knowledge
from him, blaming herself, oh! so bit-
terly for her loving deceit; how hard
they had found it to live upon the pit-
tance she could earn; of all her futile
trials in endeavoring to get pupils.
Then how yesterday, when conceal-
ment was no longer possible, she had
let him know the truth; and dashing
the violin to pieces, he had fallen in
what she thought was a fit, but was in
reality death.

It was a relief to her, yet God only
knows the pain it cost her, to tell me
this; and as she recalled the final cat-
astrophe, she clasped her hands, and
through a train of tears prayed silently
for strength to endure.

I followed the body of the old man
to its last resting place, and when the
service was over and the minister had
departed I left Camille by her father's

grave and waited for her at the gate.
In about an hour she rejoined me, a
very picture of sorrow, pale but very
calm.

We stood in silence for a moment or
two, and then I ventured to ask her
plans for the future.

"I have taken a little room," she said,
"and, though I have very little money,
I trust I can manage until I get a situ-
ation of some sort."

"Miss Balladrant," I said, "I have
a situation for you if you will accept
it."

She turned her eyes to me inquiring
ly.

"A lady going abroad desires a com-
panion. My recommendation will be
sufficient. Do you think it would suit
you?"

"Oh, I should be so thankful," she
said. "If I thought I were competent
to fill it. And the lady's name?"

"My mother."

A rosy flush suffused her face, and
she asked timidly:

"Are you going too?"

"I intend doing so; but do not let
that be an objection."

One sudden look of joy flashed into
her eyes, and for a moment chased the
sorrow from her face. Only for an in-
stant; but it was enough for me to
know—and I could wait patiently,
trusting in the future.

AN EXPERIMENT FOR BOYS.

Take two empty oyster cans and a
stout smooth string. Let a small hole
be made in the bottom of each can,
through which the string, say fifty or
one hundred feet in length, is passed
and secured. Then let the experimen-
ters set up their talking telegraph by
choosing their stations as far apart as
the tightly stretched string will permit
and while one of the operators holds
his ear to one of the cans and his com-
panion his mouth to the can at the
other end of the line, they will find a
conversation can be carried on, so that
low tones, and even a whisper, will be
distinctly perceptible. What usually
most astonishes those who make this
experiment for the first time is, that
the sound of the voice does not seem
to come from the person speaking at
the other end of the string, but to is-
sue from the can itself which is held to
the ear of the listener. This at first
appears to be a deception, but it is re-
ally not so. The ear tells the exact
truth. The voice that is heard really
comes from the can that is held to the
hearer. The voice of the speaker com-
municates sound producing vibrations
to the walls of the can with which his
voice is in immediate contact. These
vibrations are communicated to the
string, but so changed that they no
longer affect the ear. A person may
stand by the string while the sound is
passing, and yet hear nothing. At the
other end of the string however, these
hidden vibrations reproduce them-
selves as sound.

RABBIT CULTURE IN ITALY.

(Rome Correspondent N. Y. Evening Post.)

The cultivation of rabbits, an indus-
try which has had great success in up-
per Italy and Turin, has begun in Rome,
and a *conigliera* has been established
on Monte Maria. The house for the
rabbits has several large, well-venti-
lated and convenient rooms and an abun-
dant fountain of water. It is popula-
red by fine types of rabbits, most of
which have been imported from France,
and are similar to those in the Garden
of Acclimation at Paris. Cleanliness,
which is very important for rabbits, is
observed, and their food selected with
care. This warm climate is well adapt-
ed to the health of this animal, and
the industry, it is thought, will in-
crease as it has done in other cities.
The meat is cheap and good, and is
generally used at Turin and in Tus-
cany. The hairs which fall off are used
for felts, the best skins to imitate mar-
ten, chinchilla and ermine, and others
for linings.

For fells and skins Italy pays an-
nually to other countries a tax of twelve
million francs in gold—money which
might be saved if rabbit culture was
more extended. Beside the meat and
skin almost every part of the rabbit is
useful for some purpose, and the ani-
mal is a source of wealth.

Correspondence.

A WEDDING—OTHER SUBJECTS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me to write
to you, although I am quite a stranger
to you. I was requested to send you
for publication, a brief account of a
marriage which took place in our
neighborhood recently.

But I beg leave first to say a few
words about your excellent paper.
How I like the JOURNAL it does not
seem necessary to tell you, for at
nearly every point it recommends itself
very well. When I heard of the JOURNAL,
for the first time, I did not feel
curious about it. Indeed, I was like
those foolish people who think nothing
of the stars they so often see. A friend
of mine kindly gave me several copies
of your paper, but, a queer fellow as I
was, I carelessly put them under the
pillow without examining any of them.
Not until the well-known *Silent World*,
for which I used always to subscribe,
suspended its publication, and I saw
that many of its old subscribers had
already taken the JOURNAL, did I think
of giving your paper a fair trial for a
year. Now I won't be without it. You
understand that I like it very well. I
do not doubt that almost any one who
has not seen the JOURNAL, but hears it
very well spoken of, will find it is no
humbug. I am sorry the *Silent World*
has lost the support it deserved. It
was one of the best deaf-mute papers
that I ever read, and was published by
able and honorable gentlemen. I hope,
however, that the time is not far off
when it will revive, as a torpid toad
does in the spring, and its publication
be renewed.

I notice that marrying has been very
epidemic in the deaf-mute community
during the past few months, in spite
of the hard times. It seems to me that
conjugal love, or the love of girls, is
more powerful than the love of money.
At the request of my friend, I deem it
proper to inform you that on the 6th
of September Mr. Thomas Clark, form-
erly of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute In-
stitution, and who lives in our neigh-
borhood, was united in marriage to
Miss Mattie A. Kline, a graduate of
the same institution, by Rev. G. H.
Day, the pastor of the bride's parents'
church. Mr. Clark is a young man of
very good standing, and his example
of industry and faithfulness has com-
manded the respect of all who know
him. He is employed in the nail fac-
tory, making nails. The bride is a fine
looking and intelligent young lady,
and her amiability and modesty of
disposition have rendered her estimable.
Being a daughter of a well-to-do fam-
ily, she has the ability of a good house-
keeper. I am glad that we can con-
gratulate them both on their good luck.
Whoever considers the autumn season
as the best time for marrying, can refer
to the bountiful plenty of mellow and
palatable fruit it produces. What
would be better than natural fruit for
a wedding dinner? I am glad that the
clever pair had prepared something
good to satisfy the mischievous, hungry
fairies, and also to keep the wolf from
door. Let our kind wishes go with the
happy couple.

I have heard of, or met, several deaf-
mutes in different sections of this State,
but it seems to have been so quiet
among them that I have not received
any news of their late adventures, of
which, otherwise, I would gladly send
you some notes.

It gives me pleasure, however, to
inform Helen Mutchler's friends that
he is assisting his father on his farm.
He is a very industrious young man,
and, unlike some of the deaf-mutes,
rarely, if ever, idles away his time. His
services are valuable to every farmer
in his neighborhood who has employ-
ed him. He is a first-rate driver, and
can drive a team of half a dozen or
more horses or mules without much
difficulty. Although he did not remain
at school long, he converses freely,
like a well-educated graduate of a deaf-
mute school. He has been bereft, by
death, of three deaf-mute brothers, but
he has a mute sister surviving.

Israel Harris, of Mount Carmel, a
deaf and dumb boy, who was run over
by a coal train of cars, near his resi-
dence, three years since, had his leg
amputated, for the fourth time, recent-
ly.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL: may its
balance be always on the right side,
as its editor is, and its shadow never
be less!
A SUBSCRIBER.

Trevorton, Pa., Nov. 22, 1877.

BELFAST SOCIETY OF DEAF-
MUTES.

DEAR EDITOR:—Mr. Samuel Rowe,
of West Buxford, Mass., one of seven
deaf-mute brothers and sisters, all na-
tives of Maine, arrived here Saturday,
Nov. 24th, and became the guest of
Mr. C. A. Brown. The next forenoon
he preached in Mr. Brown's house, and
his interesting discourse was received
with close attention. In the afternoon
the deaf-mutes repaired to the vestry
of the Baptist church where Mr. Rowe
delivered a sermon with much earnest-
ness. During his delivery of the ser-
mon a couple of pretty bouquets, plac-
ed in beautiful vases, which were made
after the manner of hands grasping
flowers, were sent in by a speaking
lady. Quite a crowd of people came
in to witness the religious ceremony.

In the evening he held an inquiring
and prayer meeting and also a Bible
class. Monday, while it was stormy,
Mr. Rowe took a steamer over the
rough sea, homeward.

The Belfast Society of deaf-mutes
seem determined to retain the month-
ly service of Mr. Rowe as long as pos-
sible. He will come and officiate
again, if his life is spared, the last
Sunday of December. Mrs. Prudence
E. Staples is now the leader of the
Bible class.
F. M. STABLES.
Belfast, Me., Nov. 28, 1877.

Job Turner Holding Services and Also
Keeping Thanksgiving.

STATE OF MAINE,
OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE,
Augusta, Nov. 28, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have this
morning had the privilege and pleas-
ure of conducting a service for deaf-
mutes in St. Mark's chapel, with the
kind assistance of Mr. Upjohn, the
rector, who was my interpreter for the
hearing audience. It was a pleasant
meeting to me, for which I owe many
thanks to God who does all things well.

For the information of their friends,
I will mention the names of the deaf
mutes present, who were: William M.
Seoles, Madison Sawtelle, John Ab-
bott, Orin Lovejoy, Mrs. Mary Lord,
Frank Ellis, Hannah Marr, Ira Marr
and Francis Lovejoy.

I was very sorry to learn that five
other mutes could not come to my
service, various circumstances keeping
them at home.

Rev. Mr. Upjohn is, I am glad to
say, so much interested in the welfare
of his deaf-mute neighbors that he says
he will be glad to be of service to them
if he can.

I must take the cars for Bangor to-
morrow morning, at three o'clock, not
only to keep Thanksgiving day in the
woods: sixty miles north of that city,
but also to hold a service if I can find
time.

I expect to be in Lewiston on Fri-
day night, Nov. 30, for the same pur-
pose, and in Portland next Sunday to
officiate in St. Luke's Cathedral with
the Bishop. There will no doubt be
a good number of deaf-mutes there if
it is pleasant. I have got to start
southward on my new mission.
Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Rev. A. W. Mann's appointments for
services for the month of December:
2d—CHICAGO, Chapel of St. James'
Church.
7th—DARTON, O., Chapel of Christ
Church.

9th—CINCINNATI, Chapel

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS OTHER PEOPLES' BUSINESS BETTER THAN THEY DO.

The existence of a paper, like the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, is always a critical period in the history of the "sad monopoly of the resources of charity."

—Deaf-Mute Advance.

The existence of the writer of the above is the sad monopoly of his own narrow-sighted, self-conceited views "of the resources of charity," and the historic writer of the low-bred slurs elsewhere found in the same number of the *Advance* would gladly monopolize not only the Illinois Institution, of which he is principal, but also Chicago in particular, and the State of Illinois in general, together with the remaining small portion, besides, of what territory lies outside of his institution.

Under the heading of an editorial article entitled "Profitable Philanthropy" he pours out his vials of wrath on our heads, because of our advocacy of a greater number of deaf-mute schools with proportionate smaller numbers of pupils than are now brought together from long distances, and crowded into large institutions. The article contains nothing worthy of argument, being made up of slurs and vituperation which the writer is ever ready to heap, indiscriminately, upon all who may choose to differ with him in opinion.

We never doubted that Illinois people knew their own business, but the writer of the article above referred to apparently doubts it, and, for the time-being, professes great concern lest the tax-payers should be over-burdened with what he is pleased to rank among useless expenditures.

But the people of Illinois need have no fears for the future in regard to their finances. No matter how begoggled may become their financial horizon, they have in the person of the writer of the malignant so-called editorials of the *Advance*, one who is too willing to dictate their affairs, and, if needs be, assume the whole responsibilities of the entire population of the "Prairie State."

If he thinks the State has sufficient and proper accommodations for the instruction of her deaf and dumb, why should others differ from his views on that subject? Is not his opinion, in itself, sufficient to outweigh the opinions of all his opponents? If he should see fit to express the idea that *black is white*, would all the philanthropists in the State dare think otherwise? If he says that Illinois has all the deaf-mute institutions that she needs, will all the brilliant talent in the State Legislature ever have the audacity to vary one iota from his wishes? Of course he knows, better than every one else who has had the temerity to advance any ideas on the subject, what is best for the whole deaf-mute population of the State. And he knows what is best for the tax-payers—much better no doubt than they do themselves. He, it is who is so jealous of the interests of the tax-payers. Disinterested sympathy for sooth! His philanthropy takes sides with the stronger party and, like that of others of the same selfish strife, is naturally found to be the most conspicuously displayed on the same side that his bread is the best buttered.

Aside from common humanity, so far as it relates to the deaf and dumb, we freely admit that it matters but little with us whether Illinois has one or more schools for the deaf and dumb. We did think the great mass of her people competent to settle that problem; but, if not, they have a man in the Jacksonville Institution who will decide it for them, if he has not already done so.

The people of the State of New York, like those of Illinois, have always been known as independent thinkers, but if they should ever reach that unenviable point in which it becomes necessary to do their thinking by proxy, they may, perhaps, be induced to import a man from the Jacksonville Institution, who evidently possesses, or at least thinks he does, the rare gift of being able to think for himself and every one else.

Henceforth it will be unnecessary for the property-holders of Illinois, like those of her sister States, to groan under the burden of taxation; they have a citizen who will stand between them and taxation, especially if there should possibly be an attempt made to increase the facilities for the education of the deaf and dumb beyond what he claims are so abundantly afforded at Jacksonville.

Had the State of New York been able to boast one such citizen, so careful of the interests of the tax payers, who knows but Manhattan Island would to-day claim the only deaf-mute school in the Empire State? And had such been the case, how comfortable and convenient it would now be for the eleven hundred or more deaf-mute school children to be crowded into one immense institution, to say nothing of the remaining two or three hundred not receiving instruction, who from various circumstances and causes can not be brought into halls of learning located hundreds of miles from their own homes. There is an idea of philanthropy for the man who has more sympathy for the one taxed a few pennies than for the general welfare of the deaf and dumb.

"NO PENT UP UTICA CONFINES OUR POWERS."

So seem to think Boston Deaf-Mute Societies; and, in the opinion of some they have added to their motto of the above heading: "The whole broad universe is ours," at least as far as it applies, and has applied, to many portions of New England, outside of the city of Boston, and the State of Massachusetts, while prosecuting their over-zealous labors, with the avowed object of obtaining funds for the benefit of deaf-mute societies in the "Hub."

From the Pine Tree State, and from various quarters of New England, come the wailings of many deaf-mutes, protesting bitterly against people at large paying tribute for the benefit of deaf-mute societies in Boston.

The persecuting beggary of deaf-mutes of Boston, that great and wealthy city, to levy on outside people for contributions of money to support Boston societies, has ceased to be a virtue—if such a proceeding ever had any claim on virtue, which is highly improbable—and the cries of those taxed for the selfish wants of "Hub" city deaf-mute societies have not only "entered the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth," but the blazing shame, which attaches to the beggary of Boston deaf-mute societies, is a disgrace to those who are incapable of maintaining societies worthy of proper and sufficient support, without prosecuting their systematic beggary, not only beyond their corporate limits, but also within the boundaries of distant States.

"There is a screw loose somewhere," else Boston societies would have no need of going to remote parts of the country, begging help for Boston deaf-mute societies. A society of deaf-mutes in a city of the population and the well-known wealth of Boston, which cannot command sufficient support without invading the rock-bound domains of the State of Maine had better "throw up the sponge," and the present prosecuting labors of its begging members, which have so long been applied in "spunging" far-off, poor people, to "gobble up" their hard-earned pennies for selfish purposes, be used in some more useful and more honorable channel.

The honest, frugal and industrious people of Maine, and of other sections of the country, who have been for a long time so continuously and zealously persecuted and bled by the rampant beggary of representations from Boston societies, are willing to pay "tribute to whom tribute" is due, but they begin to get their peepers open, and, strange as it may appear, they have come to the sensible conclusion, that Boston deaf-mute societies can boast of no "Cæsar" who possesses the right of levying taxes on them for supporting Boston societies. And they have sensibly determined to try to care for their own societies, and let those of Boston, or elsewhere, foreign to themselves, sink into oblivion, if the members are not capable of supporting them without invading the precincts of other deaf-mute societies to draw sustenance from strangers' pocket-books. In short, people have, beyond all power of endurance, become thoroughly disgusted with the systematized and long-continued beggary of Boston deaf-mute societies; and they want it fully understood that, among sensible people of Maine and other States, no mendicant agents of Boston or other deaf-mute societies need again apply for funds to support alien societies. And, if they persist, they will get a large slice of "cold shoulder," and "their labor for their pains."

ONE THING DEAF-MUTES CAN DO.

A TEACHER OF TELEGRAPHING WHO SAYS THEY MAKE THE BEST OPERATORS.

(From the New York World.)

Mr. J. C. Davis, of 302 West Thirtieth street, advertised yesterday for 100 deaf-mutes to be made into telegraph operators. Nine years ago, he says, he taught a deaf-mute named Hoffman telegraphy. Hoffman learned the art in less than three months and became one of the most expert operators in the country, being at the time of his death the chief operator in the Mobile telegraph office. Mr. Davis has since taught twenty deaf and dumb persons, and says that they are almost invariably much quicker to learn than persons who speak and hear, and make far better operators.

"I had a call from one to day," he said, "who told me that he had been a book-binder. He was at first very sceptical, but I convinced him of the ease with which he could learn by giving him one lesson. In three quarters of an hour he knew more than half of the Morse alphabet, and by referring occasionally to the alphabet written out for a guide he could talk with me on the instrument with ease. Of twenty that I taught in Philadelphia sixteen are now in London, where a number of them have positions in Philadelphia, and one in Montgomery or Mobile. I don't know which. It is marvellous that deaf-mutes should be able to use their sight as they do. There was one of my pupils with whom I could talk with my eyes. They are wonderfully quick and accurate. While they are receiving despatches, which, of course, they do either by sight or touch, they are not disturbed by sounds or conversation, and are consequently less liable to make mistakes than a sound-operator. I begin with this little instrument—a sounder—and teach them to hold the hand over the key in receiving, so that they may learn by the touch first. Of course there is one requisite to a first-class operator that I do not teach. He must be a rapid penman. After going through a course of three months' tuition he must spend a week or two in an office to learn the peculiarities of the manner of doing business in that office. Then if he is a rapid writer he is a good operator. I am teaching, of course, as a matter of business."

The above extract we are naturally most happy to publish in the most conspicuous place we can find. Years ago the JOURNAL, in the course of sundry editorial comments on occupations suitable for deaf-mutes, outside the general run of institution industries, very thoroughly ventilated the subject of telegraphy, viewed as a support for deaf-mutes. We remember well the day we got hold of a Western Union officer in his office, and forced him to acknowledge that deaf-mutes were quite equal to all the world in this particular.

The gentleman who has made the profession a success, knows his business when he advertises for one hundred deaf-mutes to instruct. He has been over the ground before, and made some first-class operators out of those sneered at as "defectives," and is quite ready to undertake the task of preparing any number more.

Mr. Ronald Douglas, a deaf-mute photographer living in New Jersey, while at school at the New York Institution, and before his attention was called to his present occupation; used to patch up a battery from such chemicals as he could unearth from a miscellaneous collection of old chemical fragments lying around loose in the institution laboratory; and becoming the owner of an old apparatus, he found respectable telegraphic communication the length of a room, and in the goodness of his heart, volunteered to teach a classmate physically unfitted for manual labor, so that a means of livelihood might be opened to him. But he was either too lazy or too indifferent to take it up, and so lost an excellent chance of earning his salt.

Though wedded to photography, in which Mr. Douglas knows we wish him every success, he will probably open his eyes when he reads this notice, and if trade is dull with him and he has the requisite spare change, we know he will place himself under the instruction offered, and, if he does, his teacher is sure of one bright pupil, at least. Mr. Douglas also may deem it but a species of vindicting his school-boy opinions, to cut this out and send it to that classmate of his who could have been a telegraphic operator, but wouldn't.

We think Mr. Davis, to whom we shall send a copy of this issue, will see that it is to his advantage to advertise in the JOURNAL, if he desires to reach the deaf; and probably all interested in the matter will soon have an opportunity of personal investigation.

The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

An Illinois deaf-mute has planted 2½ acres of tobacco.

They have a magic lantern at the Illinois Institution.

They have not got into their overcoats yet at the Virginia Institution.

Mr. Wyckoff, instructor at the Kansas Institution, is a son of deaf-parents.

Hos. J. B. Walker, a twenty-year trustee of the Michigan Institution, is dead.

The Iowa Institution, at least as much of it as is rebuilt, is open for business.

Among the rules posted in the Toldad office one reads: "Keep six feet from the devil."

They have a Building Association in Illinois, and several of the officers have invested in it.

Gymnastics at the Indiana Institution resulted in four broken arms and more to hear from.

A steam whistle screeches from the top of the new engine house of the Kansas Institution.

It's the Kansas Institution now. A pupil took French leave and has not yet been found.

The Kansas Institution officers will hereafter be paid monthly instead of quarterly as formerly.

Prof. D. L. Bangs, formerly principal of the Michigan Institution, has entered the lecture field.

The Iowa Institution steward pulled up a beet three feet around and weighing twenty-five pounds. He raised it.

A class of thirty pupils is sent spinning along to the educational goal via visible speech, at the West Virginia Institution.

The Kansas Institution could surprise everybody the other day by sending doughnuts to the table. It was a glad surprise.

The pupil who wrote "one mistake," was not so far wrong after all. "Mistake" is a good literal rendering of the sign for mistake.

A pupil of the Ohio Institution has been sent to the Insane Asylum. Continued delirium caused by sickness affected his mind.

Prof. Wait, of the Illinois Institution, who by the way has been in the profession 29 years, has lately indulged in the luxury of a housekeeper.

The Tablet suggests that a local paper consult its dictionary to find whether asylum or institution is the proper name for a place of education.

The Chicago Tribune philosopher, being somewhat deaf, has not yet made up his mind whether or not to get married. Has he any mind to make up?

The asylums of our daddies including "def, dum and lunatic," and all the rank and file of *ceteris*, we quite agree with the *Mirror*, are fixed institutions.

The *Educator* has a charming report of the visit of the pupils of the New York Institution to the American Institute Fair, written over the cabalistic initials "I. M."

Some of our western friends do know their business—the Ohioans for instance. The great State of Illinois apparently needs another institution, and it will have it either through native common sense, or imported energy.

Dr. Gillett has obtained a medal and diploma, awarded by the Centennial Commissioners.—*Advance*.

To whom? The Illinois Institution or Dr. Gillett, or are the two synonymous terms?

We regret to learn that Superintendent Bowles of the Kansas Institution, has been forced to abandon his duties, and seek medical treatment for a peculiarly painful malady, which has caused him untold suffering. We hope he will soon recover.

"The lucky editor and disinterested philanthropist of the JOURNAL, may take 'out west' people for gudgeons, but our view of the matter is that they know their business quite as well as their more enlightened neighbors of the east can instruct them"—*Advance*.

The Virginia Institution report was sent to the State printer on the first of November, and in two weeks it was back at the institution bindery, and is probably bound and packed by this time. But it will not be distributed till after the meeting of the State Legislature.

A deaf-mute out west, named Weber, "got of fended," at what, the narrative gives a judicious silence—and ran away. His wife sent for "pa," and by his help sold most of the property and goods, and then took shelter under the paternal wings. A divorce is pending.

The *Mirror* man is in clover, and well he may be, for the particular mosquito that wouldn't let him sleep nights, was, at latest advice, found dead on a railroad track, about a dozen miles, and fifteen-inch rat, that raised Cain with his cheese and other delicacies, has at last been trapped.

Disfranchisement prostrated forty of the inmates of the Kansas Institution recently. The disease was no respecter of persons, for it reaped in the editor of the *Star*. It is well to remember in this connection, that sulphur dissolved in water and used as a gargle is a cure—its merit being its action as a destroyer of fungi.

Apocryphs of the photographs of the recent Illinois Institution, which have been sold to the tune of \$120.00 and more, a JOURNAL reader wants to know what has become of the photographs of the Convention of Institutions at Belleville, some four years ago. He sent the stamps for one, and is quite sure none were sent him.

When a deaf-mute out west dresses himself in his Sunday best, and reaches the house of his betrothed at the day and hour set for the wedding, he finds the bride maid already married to a speaking gentleman. At least this was what happened to Robert Rose, a graduate of the Kansas Institution. The bride fair one was a former pupil of the same school.

The Christian Temperance Union of Olathe, Kan., held a meeting in a church one Sunday evening, all the officers and pupils of the institution being invited, and attending. Our old friend Prof. B. T. Thompson, made a temperance address to the pupils and the hearing portion of the audience, and got the benefit of it through the interpretation of a brother professor.

Miss A. A. Fuller has written an argumentative article to explain the reluctance of women now-a-days, to marry poor men. The best answer to her apparently clever deductions, is that nearly all the rich men of to-day commenced life with prospects actually less bright than those of many a man of the present time, whose generous offer to share his little all, is summarily rejected by the damsel of the period.

The tale is old, but will bear repetition. Cressus, king of Lydia, had a son who was dumb, but not deaf; and all the skill of the court physicians could give him no relief. But one fatal day a hostile army battled with and defeated his father's forces, and in the rout that followed a soldier raised a weapon to kill Cressus. In that supreme moment, the young prince found his voice and cried audibly, "Don't slay him; that is the King!"

H. O. S. Wells, in a speech before the Social Science Association, sought to support an argument by an instance in the life of the late Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, that the British law so hedged in, even such matters as the instruction of the deaf, as to compel him to go to France for the aid he sought. This is an error as the *Annals* show. Private freed, not public law originated and sustained the monopoly of system in British deaf-mute education.

The *Mirror* thinks with the *Index* that those institutions that receive the deaf-mute pupils should, through some officer or bright pupil, send news letters, occasionally, at least. People don't always get done by as they would like in this world, nor newspapers either. We have been sending the JOURNAL regularly to various institutions for the last five years, and unless we have a special correspondent there, we don't get anything but a copy of the annual or biennial report, and not always even that.

Mr. P. L. Greening is a deaf-mute, who is not misnamed. He moved to Kansas several years ago, from a presumptive supporting habitation. The grasshoppers, that have an especial weakness for everything green, pounced upon his early vegetables, and growing crops, soon eating him out of house and home. Then a horse died of starvation, and the other and only remaining equine must have been pretty far gone, for he brought only five dollars, with which, however, Mr. Greening and family took the first train for their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Poland, lately of Marblehead, now reside in Mr. Hamilton's home, at Beverly, Mass. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. William Bailey, with some assistance from others, got up a surprise party for them, on the 15th ult. Mrs. Bailey invited them to spend the evening at her home. When everything was ready Mr. Hamilton was sent to inform them that there was somebody at their home who wanted to see them. When they reached the home they found it filled with deaf-mute guests, both ladies and gentlemen, of Beverly, and Salem, and the tables loaded with the necessities of life. The surprise was complete, and the guests spent an hour very pleasantly.

Service for Deaf-Mutes in Brooklyn.

A service for deaf-mutes will be conducted by the Rev. John Chamberlain, in St. Mary's Church, Classon Ave., near Willoughby, Brooklyn, Dec. 9th, at 3 P. M.

MEXICO DEAF-MUTE ANNUAL SOCIABLE.

The first annual sociable to be held hereafter, regularly, in Mexico, will occur Wednesday evening, January 9th, 1878, at Mayo Hall, in this village, and will continue throughout the entire night. This being the first of the regular series of annual deaf-mute sociables in the village of Mexico, no expense will be spared to make it what it will in future be—the sociable of the period. In next week's paper we shall publish, as near as may be, a detailed programme of the entertainment. A hearty invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and hearing people of all sections to be present on the above-named occasion.

MISS H. A. AVERY,
MRS. G. J. CHANDLER,
MRS. H. C. RIDER,
L. N. JONES,
H. L. BAILL,
H. C. RIDER.

To the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

DEAR FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR OF THE DEAF AND DUMB:—

We, the undersigned, deaf-mutes of the Province of Quebec, most heartily thank you for the great kindness and deep interest you have shown to us in visiting Montreal, and holding the first religious service ever witnessed in a public place of worship in this province, by Protestant deaf-mutes. The whole service was made plain and deeply interesting to all the deaf-mutes who were privileged to be present on the occasion. We feel convinced that it is our Heavenly Father who has seen the urgent need of your services here, and sent you to us accordingly.

We humbly trust, and pray, that the service held last night, and your presence among us, will be the commencement of regular Divine service for deaf-mutes in Montreal, and that we shall have the great pleasure and happiness of seeing you often, and listening to your instructions.

Let us pray the Heavenly Father of us all, that he may be pleased to bless and prosper the good work in which you are engaged, and for which you are pre-eminently fitted.

THOMAS WIDD,
MARGARET WIDD,
SARAH GUEST,
EDWARD WELSH,
JOHN MACARTHUR,
J. N. KIMPTON,
JAMES MCCLELLAND,
ROBERT LUNAN,
JOHN LARROCK,
ALVIN C. LAWRENCE,
H. A. MCMASTER,
ORA BALDWIN,
JOHN VALLIES,
AKN WOODS.

Montreal, Nov. 27, 1877.

—The case of the people against Richard B. Conolly was called on the 4th inst., when Conolly's counsel read a lengthy statement in defence of his client, and said that Conolly would not subject the people to the burden of a trial, and counsel consented that plaintiffs take a verdict for the amount of the claims. The judge directed the jury to return a verdict for \$8,537.170.15.

Local Paragraphs.

The winter term at the Academy begins next Tuesday.

Dressed hogs are selling at \$5.50 per hundred weight.

Miss Hattie Baker will re-open her select school next Monday.

Empire Hotel is again open, and is doing quite a thrifty business.

The schools of Districts 7, 8, and 9 will re-open next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Larkin recently spent a few days in Rome.

Mrs. Will Hewitt, of Fulton, is visiting friends in this town.

Mrs. Frank J. Webb and daughter, of Syracuse, are visiting friends in this village.

A heavy rain and thaw Tuesday night and Wednesday, interfered with our sleighing very materially.

The deaf-mutes will hold their annual sociable, in Mayo Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th.

The damage to Mr. Taylor's drug store has been decided, by two picked appraisers, to amount to \$45.

John Severance, who is studying medicine in Syracuse, recently spent a few days with his friends in this town.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington, who has for several weeks past been sick, is getting better, and is now able to sit up again.

The Oswego County Board of Supervisors met in Oswego, pursuant to adjournment, on Monday, the 3d inst.

Edward Wimple, who has been in Wisconsin since last spring, returned home to his father's, in this village, last week.

The Ladies' Aid Society, of the Presbyterian Church, met yesterday at the house of Mrs. J. R. Stone. The weather was unpleasant, but the attendance was very good.

Prof. C. C. Stowell, one of the assistant teachers at the Academy, has returned from Monroe county, where he has been spending part of his vacation with his parents and other friends.

A very stormy evening kept many from attending Locke Richardson's readings last Friday evening, but those there were delighted and highly entertained with the lecturer's style and the evening's entertainment.

The snow storm of last Friday night and Saturday made a nice little run of sleighing in the village, though on rougher roads outside there was scarcely enough snow to make good sleighing. The storm was followed by a cold Sunday morning, with the thermometer at 8° below zero.

A club-room has recently been re-opened over the Post-office in this village. The room has been fitted up in a tasteful style, and the members, of which there are already a considerable number, anticipate enjoying many very comfortable and pleasant evenings during the winter.

A very interesting communion service was held at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening, on which occasion one joined the church by letter, three on probation, and before the close of the meeting two presented themselves at the chancel, signifying their intentions of becoming Christians.

Moses Furney and family, who were so badly smoked on the morning of the fire in J. C. Taylor's drug store, took another smoking on Thanksgiving day. Merchants in the Webb block presented them a turkey, the smoke from the roasting of which did not seriously affect them—in fact the odor was quite pleasant, and the reality was much more pleasant. Mr. Furney felt very grateful for the turkey, and appreciated that particular kind of smoke.

Philadelphia has lately had a National Cat Show, at which we suppose large prizes were distributed. We know of whole families in this village who frequently have cat shows, but generally in the night, where are exhibited felines, Domestic, National and we presume Foreign, where the liberal prizes awarded are of a very different character from those given at Philadelphia, and it frequently happens that many of the contestants for the prizes entertain feelings of extreme delicacy in regard to repeating the show.

Mr. Lewis R. Webber, formerly a student of Mexico Academy, and for the past four years a teacher in Robert's College, Constantinople, Turkey, has lately been visiting friends in this village and vicinity, and delivered a very practical and instructive discourse with "Turkey" for his subject, at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening. Mr. Webber left here on Monday morning for Auburn Theological Seminary to continue his ministerial studies. Mr. Webber has many warm friends in this village and town, from whom he received a cordial welcome.

A VERY INTERESTING OCCASION.

A remarkably interesting ceremony occurred at Prattville, Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, namely: the marriage of Mr. Herbert A. Clark and Miss Dora E. Weygant.

The marriage service took place at the residence of the bride's parents, at five o'clock, in the presence of a large number of guests, relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

After congratulating them on the occasion of their newly-begun life, all were invited to sit down to the long, well-spread and heavily-laden tables, luxuriantly provided with a lavishly-prepared feast, in abundance for all present.

The bride's cake, prepared by the deft hands of Miss Mary Tripp, of this village, for immense proportions, richness, artistic beauty of architecture, finish and external adornment, was a marvel of deliciousness to all whose palates attested to its fine qualities, and reflected much credit for its adept maker.

All present enjoyed the evening's festivities with the greatest delight. At 7:30 the newly-married couple left to take the Syracuse Northern train for Syracuse and other parts.

The editor of the JOURNAL was the recipient of a present, consisting of a generous portion of the wedding cake, which he pronounced very fine, and for which he expresses hearty thanks, and many good wishes for the bride and groom.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—A Grand National Cat Show was recently held in Philadelphia.

—Only four officers and thirty men were saved of all on board the wrecked United States steamship Huron.

—Buckey Donnelly, one of the Molly Maguires, was recently tried and convicted of murder in the first degree.

—By a premature explosion in a coal mine, in Rock Island county, Ia., Nov. 26th, Thomas Cooley was killed and Thomas Thomas fatally injured.

—The thirty-sixth anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Wales was celebrated at Windsor recently, with much pomp and ceremony.

—A wrestling-match has been arranged between Matthew Grace and Emil Regnier for \$2,000 a side, which will take place in New York Dec. 11th.

—Two suicides occurred in Troy, Nov. 28th. Thomas Cornell, butcher, hung himself in an ice box; and Chas. Mare, real estate broker and agent, shot himself.

—Ives & Co., extensive iron manufacturers, of Montreal, are in financial difficulties. Liabilities about \$350,000; assets nominally as great. The Bank of Montreal is the largest creditor, to the amount of nearly \$100,000.

—Mr. John Welsh, the new Minister to St. James, has been presented with two handsome silk flags, one of America and the other of Great Britain, by the women of Philadelphia. It was presented prior to the public reception, which took place on the evening of Nov. 28th, at the Academy of Arts, where 7,000 people paid their respects to the Minister.

Mr. Dallas Saunders telegraphed to General Myer, Chief Signal Officer, from Norfolk, Va., that most of the bodies recovered from the wreck of the Huron are buried between stations 4 and 5. Mr. Saunders says the easiest way to reach the place is by the steamer Cygnat from Norfolk to Van Slack's Landing, and there take a sail-boat to Currituck Club-house. T. J. Payner, steward of the club, is always at the landing with his sail-boat.

—The United States man-of-war Huron, George P. Ryan commanding, with 133 officers and men on board, went ashore about 1 o'clock Sunday morning, November 25th, on the North Carolina coast, eight miles south of Kitty Hawk and two miles north of Life-Saving Station No. 7. The gale at the time was blowing forty-two miles an hour, directly from the south. All but four officers and thirty men were lost. A relief boat which started for the wreck was swamped, and its officer and four of the seamen were drowned. The wrecked Huron sank lower and lower in the sand, and soon all hands were washed away, those who reached the shore alive being saved by swimming and clinging to broken pieces of the wreck, and they were badly bruised and fearfully exhausted. The Huron was a screw propeller of the third class, and was built at Chester, Pa. She was of 541 tons burden, and was formerly called the Alliance. She is a total loss. The sad fate of the officers and crew cast a deep gloom over the country.

Correspondence.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—As the general manager of this society, I have recently made a journey, the details of which, I think, will interest the readers of the JOURNAL. On Thursday morning, Nov. 14th, I left New York in company with two ladies, one starting for Toronto and the other for Port Byron. At Rome the former and I stopped to visit friends at the institution for deaf-mutes. We spent the night there. I was surprised to find that the institution numbered 105 pupils. The principal, Mr. Nelson, showed us through the six buildings, and we found everything in good order. We were particularly gratified with the new building erected for the chapel and school-rooms. It was very much needed. I trust that the means may soon be provided for a permanent edifice on the site which has been given to the institution.

Early Friday morning we left for Rochester, where we made a short visit at the institution for deaf-mutes. Mr. Westervelt, the principal, conducted us through the school-rooms and showed us the additions and improvements. Everything looked bright and cheerful. The institution numbers eighty-five pupils.

After visiting some friends, we took the one p. m. train for Toronto, where we were the guests of kind friends. On Saturday I was busy in calling on several gentlemen to make arrangements for Sunday. Mr. Hodgins, the Deputy Minister of Instruction, was very attentive. On Sunday morning, I preached at All Saints' Church, the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Rector. At 3 p. m., I met my deaf-mute friends in their room in Shaftesbury Hall and conducted a service for them. At 7 p. m., they all came to All Saints' Church, where I interpreted the service and sermon, after which I made a short address in relation to the education of deaf-mutes and church work among them. The crowded congregation seemed deeply interested.

Monday morning I left my friend in Toronto and went to Belleville, where Dr. Palmer extended to me the hospitality of the institution for deaf-mutes, numbering about 230 pupils, whom I addressed at 3 p. m. in the chapel. I was much pleased with the appearance of the classes as I went from room to room. Pleasant associations in connection with the convention of 1874 were revived.

During the latter part of the evening, I was entertained at the residence of Prof. Greene and wife, and at midnight took the train for Montreal, arriving there between 9 and 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Thomas Widd, the principal of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, with Messrs. Welch and McIvers, met me at the station. I became the guest of a lady who is much interested in the deaf-mutes of Montreal. Mr. Widd took me at once to his institution where his wife and her sister provided me a substantial lunch. I soon saw the great need of larger accommodations and was thankful that the removal to the beautiful new institution was so near at hand. I visited this new building, finely situated about two miles west of the city, and rejoiced that Mr. Joseph Mackay had been led to present it to the trustees at the cost of upwards of \$60,000. His name will be ever held in grateful remembrance by all friends of deaf-mutes. In the afternoon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Major, several friends of the institution called on me to consult as to its interests. At 8 p. m., in the English Cathedral, we had a good service. Canon Baldwin and the Rev. Mr. Carmichael made addresses which I interpreted. I spoke of our work. Mr. Widd with his older pupils and several deaf-mute residents of Montreal were present. On Wednesday I was kindly entertained at the residence of Mr. Mackay, and his nieces, Misses Gordon, took me to visit the two Roman Catholic Institutions for Deaf-mutes, one for girls and the other for boys.

At 9:45 p. m., I left Montreal for Portland and Newburyport. I reached the latter place on Thursday evening. The Rev. Mr. Drowne, Rector of St. Paul's Church, and Mr. Job Turner met me at the station. Our service in the evening seemed productive of good will and harmony. I trust that among other results, a help will be felt by our friends of the Newburyport Deaf-mute Society. Mr. Turner and I spent the night with the Rev. Mr. Drowne and family.

On Friday noon Mr. Atwood and I went to Marblehead, where we attended a quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. Mr. Wm. H. Wormstead, the treasurer, reported that he had in the bank \$1,250, and Mr. Swett gave

us a report of his proceedings. I think we are moving on steadily towards accomplishing a great work for the benefit of such deaf-mutes as need fostering care after they leave school.

At 7:30 p. m., in St. Peter's Church, Salem, we had another "combined service," the Rector, Rev. Dr. Arey, reading and I interpreting. By such services, I not only wish to do good to deaf-mutes, but also to interest the clergy and people of the Episcopal church to do more for them than they have yet done. Dr. Arey and his family have been very kind to me in my visits to Salem. On Saturday I made calls in Salem, first with Mr. Swett, and then with Mr. Atwood. I had only a few minutes for a short talk with Mr. Packard. I reached Boston Saturday afternoon and called on Mr. Krause, Mr. and Mrs. Homer and others. Sunday proved to be a very stormy day. In the forenoon I preached at the Church of the Good Shepherd. At 3 p. m., in St. Paul's Church, I had a service for deaf-mutes and then made a short call on my friends in Boylston Hall. I wished to see if some understanding could not be had between us so that there should be no conflict in relation to the special monthly services of the Boston Society and those which I propose to have in St. Paul's Church. Finding that their rule is to have this special service on the last Sunday of the month, I shall try to take another Sunday. I greatly desire to have good will among all those who are laboring for the good of deaf-mutes. In the evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Allard in Cambridgeport, I baptized Miss Currier, deaf-mute, a sister of Mrs. Allard. Afterwards I administered the Holy Communion to her and a little company of four other deaf-mutes. It was thought that Miss Currier could live but a short time. I then went to St. Peter's Church, where I interpreted the service as read by the Rector, Rev. Mr. Gushee, and preached. Monday morning I met Mr. Swett at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, in Boston, to consult with the oculists about his right eye. Having stopped in Hartford to see my son, a sophomore in Trinity College, I reached home at 11 o'clock p. m.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

LESSONS ON PHYSICAL TRAINING.

FRIEND RIDER:—My recent article on "Physical Culture," as published in your JOURNAL, having met with the favor of its readers, also readers of other papers, induces me to write again on the subject, hoping that light may gleam on minds that have not taken due thought of the subject of Physical Culture.

In my former article I stated that "good food makes good blood; good blood enlivens and invigorates the entire organism, gives power and strength to the brain, increases the electricity of the system; and, sometimes, the one made deaf and dumb by paralysis is, through these means, made to hear and speak."

As your readers understand our views, we proceed at once to the subject before us; taking it for granted that we have the confidence of the readers of the JOURNAL; of one thing we are certain, that the best interests of our deaf-mute friends we have at heart; for within the precincts of our own dear home, one of our own loved ones is numbered with the fraternity. Not only is good food requisite for health and bodily vigor, but proper clothing to meet the changes of the seasons. The next means, after good food and proper clothing adapted to keep up the vitality of the body and the skin, to aid them to discharge their proper functions, is exercise. By this we are to understand such a degree of locomotion, and successive and alternate movements of the trunk of the body and the limbs as shall quicken the circulation of the blood and the respiration, that is, the action both of the heart and lungs.

There are various mechanical employments which call into play only one part of the body, while the other is entirely at rest, and which barely increases the number of contractions of the heart; thereby throwing too much blood to that part, and diminishing the vital forces from other parts of the body. A persistent effort in this will eventually produce congestion of that organ—a diminution of vitality, physical force, to the extremities—even reaching the brain, and in many instances causing a decided paralysis. Unequal circulation produces disease, and often, death. The system is thrown out of balance. To restricted and partial efforts of this kind, the term exercise can hardly be applied. Chest expansion causes lung development. Lung development causes the respiratory organs to take in oxygenized air which enlivens the blood, and enlivens it for bodily vigor. The lower

portions of the body need exercise as well as the hands and arms.

Under the circumstances now laid down, the blood courses more freely and rapidly through the system from the arteries into the veins and back to the heart, from the right side of which it is distributed to the lungs, where it is exposed, in large quantities, to the pure and vitalizing air. While these organs absorb oxygen, they give out carbonic acid, receiving a vital stimulant in the former, and giving out a deleterious principle in the latter. Thus renovated and purified, the blood, under the name of arterial, is returned to the left side of the heart, where it is distributed to all the organs through the arteries, and fits them for the discharge of their several functions.

The more freely the chest expands, and the more its movements of inspiration and expiration are accelerated within certain limits, in pure air, the more perfect are the changes of blood in the lungs, and the quicker is its transmission to the different organs; among which we must of course include the skin.

Not only is the skin benefited by the healthy action of the lungs during, and after, bodily exercise, but it is better enabled to perform its own respiratory function, owing to the increased amount of blood sent to it from the heart through the arteries, and the access to it of pure air. The skin in its increased warmth and coloration, imparts a heightened glow to the cheeks and face. Vain will be the arts of the toilet, all the appliances of cosmetics, the most tasteful arrangements of hair and coiffure, the most artistic distribution of light in the drawing-room, unless the fair one admit out-door exercise among the employments for procuring a beautiful complexion and a smooth skin. We may, we can, improve our own modes of exercise. Let us use the common sense heaven has given us, to effect this grand achievement—health. Then will our young men and maidens come forth from our institutions of learning "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

We again repeat: Give our young people good food, plenty of it, especially our dear afflicted ones, who have not the means at hand to help themselves; then, when graduated have from our schools or colleges, they will bodily vigor, and will do effective battle all along the journey of life. And who knows but what some will be only too glad to repay their *alma mater*, with something tangible; and will, perhaps, leave their legacy in good hard cash, even like unto that deaf-mute lady in Paris, when she bequeathed her offering of gratitude, producing to the National Institution of Deaf-mutes at Paris an annual income of 330 francs. A good investment that.

We heartily wish that our deaf-mute schools of learning may be made so home-like that, when they leave their walls, they may often revert to their school days with feelings of pride and joy; then, should any become well off in this world's goods, we are sure they will not forget their dear former home.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. GRAY, M. D.
Medical College, Cin., O., Nov. 27, 77.

JACQUES LOEW'S RETURN FROM HIS FOREIGN TRIP.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., December 1, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have the great pleasure of informing you that I left Assuncion, in Paraguay, Oct. 19th, by the steamer Donatti, after having visited Potropolis, Kosenda, Iltatia, Areas, San Paulo, Porto Alegre, Rio Grande de Sul, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco, Coecora, and Havana, where our steamer had to stop on account of damage to the engine, and where my baggage was lost. With another vessel I proceeded to Key West, New Orleans and thence by railroad to Charleston, S. C., Richmond, and New York, after a very stormy sea passage, which has tired me out very much. I would have gone on to Peru, but the unsettled affairs of that country prevented me from going there.

I am sorry to hear that several deaf-mute persons have tried to circulate the report that I left a wife and several children in Europe, which of course is an untruth. If you will write to the Austrian Ambassador, at Washington, or to any Consul of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire, asking them to give you information about this report, I am certain you will find the rumor without foundation. I was established for 16 years in the Mariehill, No. 63, Gumpendfersbrasse in Vienna, and the information you will receive by inquiring after my name and my actions, will, I feel confident, fully satisfy you.

I shall feel obliged to you if you will make my letter known. As soon as I am rested from my journey I will write to you more fully.

Yours respectfully,
JACQUES LOEW.

SALEM NOTES.

LOWELL, MASS., Nov. 30, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our society had quite a treat in the lecture line, on the evening of Nov. 20.

The subject was General Burgoyne's Expedition. And who do your readers think delivered it? A young man twelve years old, by the name of P. Frank Packard, who, for his first appearance, did very well. A little more experience will place him among the best of our lecturers.

P. W. Packard officiated by request before the Boston Society of Deaf-mutes Nov. 25th, in the morning. Notwithstanding the storm he had thirty attentive listeners. He left, after the service, for Lynn, where a friend placed his horse and carriage at his disposal, and he was able to keep his engagement with the Salem Society, giving them a good discourse on Thanksgiving.

Wm. Bailey is expected to lecture before the Society Dec. 20th.

LOWELL NOTES.

Our services on the 25th of Nov. were conducted by Mr. Bailey. He took the place of Samuel Rowe, who was called to Belfast, Maine. Quite a number of mutes assembled at the house of Deacon Lake, where Mr. Bailey was staying on the evening of the 24th, among whom was H. P. Chapman of Salem. The evening passed very pleasantly. The heavy storm of rain prevented many from attending Bro. Bailey's service, only six being present in the evening. Two ladies ventured out to Bible-class, and there was a good attendance. Much satisfaction was expressed with Mr. Bailey's services.

The mutes hereabouts take no notice of an article in the JOURNAL signed "Ys," knowing the parties attacked one above reproach, but treat it with silent contempt, as coming from a professed infidel who is ashamed to sign his name to what he has written.

The deaf-mutes of Lowell met at the house of I. N. Soper, with several speaking friends, on the night before Thanksgiving day, and passed a very pleasant, delightful evening. Mr. W. and Miss S. were particularly interesting, and entertained the company with their lively jokes and sparkling wit. After enjoying several hours of conversation and amusement, we had a nice treat of fruit and confectionary, which we enjoyed very much, after which we separated for the night to get a few hours of rest, as four of us intended to go to Nashua, on Thanksgiving day. But we were disappointed, for it stormed on Thanksgiving day and we were obliged to remain indoors and amuse ourselves as best we could, hoping to have more agreeable weather next Thanksgiving day.

A SUBSCRIBER.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

We have had our Thanksgiving here, and as jolly a one as could well be, taking the rain into consideration.

In the forenoon the boys and girls studied their lessons from nine till half past eleven, and then went to the chapel, where Dr. Peet preached us an interesting Thanksgiving sermon.

At one o'clock p. m. precisely, we adjourned to the great dining-room. Here the tables were loaded with turkey pie, preserves, potatoes and many other good things. The children had little difficulty in clearing the board of its tempting load.

After dinner the pupils amused themselves as they pleased till supper time. After supper there was a pleasant social in the girls' sitting-room, from seven till half past eight o'clock.

The Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club had intended to have some games that afternoon, but on account of the rain, they were postponed till Saturday. The programme includes a 100 yard dash; throwing the hammer; putting the shot; "Tug of War"; a three legged race, and vaulting and jumping. The Club had been at work preparing a 100 yard track for running, and nearly got it ready when the rain came.

"Excelsior" is the motto of our printing office, and it is true to its profession, for just now it has taken a great step upward and onward. It has just got a large, fine cylinder press, of the Cottrell & Babcock pattern, also a new paper-cutter of the newest make. How is that for high, brother printers?

The Rev. Mr. Hammond, the noted Evangelist, visited us on Wednesday. He is pretty well acquainted with deaf-mutes in general, and takes great interest in them.

Miss Kate Blauvelt favored us with a visit on Thanksgiving day. It is very rarely that such a blessing as the sight of her cheerful face has been vouchsafed us, so we know how to value it and hope it will not be the last.

About 50 of the pupils have gone home to help punish turkey.

I had the best of a scrimmage with a feathered biped yesterday, but the victory was dearly sought and I have not got over it yet.

Washington H'ts, N. Y., Nov. 30, 77.
MILQ.

A PROTEST.

BIDDEFORD, ME., Nov. 26, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—For years past, the Boston and other deaf-mute societies have been sending their agents to this State to solicit funds for themselves instead of our own society. The public are cautioned against giving contributions to them when they attempt to canvass this or any other cities in Maine.

There are some traveling deaf-mute agents unworthy of confidence. We respectfully ask of your favor to publish our reasonable protest.

The citizens will do well to bear in mind that we have never authorized anybody to solicit funds for our own society.

Yours truly,

J. W. PAGE,

A. TITCOMB,

M. E. L. PAGE,

Com. of Biddeford and Saco Deaf-Mute Christian Society.

PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

GRAY, NOV. 26, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please publish in your valuable paper my appointments for December, as follows:

Providence, R. I.,	Dec. 9.
Norwich, N. Y.,	" 11.
Worcester, Mass.,	" 12.
Mexico, N. Y.,	" 16.
New York City,	" 18.
Newark, N. J.,	" 19.
Philadelphia, Pa.,	" 20.
Baltimore, Md.,	" 23.
York, Pa.,	" 30.

I intend visiting the West Virginia Institution, at Romney, Dec. 25; the Maryland Institution, at Frederick City, Dec. 28; the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, Jan. 1, 1878; and the Virginia Institution at Staunton about Jan. 15, after which I shall extend my mission work southward for about four months.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET AT NEW-BURYPORT, MASS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please insert the following articles, which we clipped from the Newburyport daily Herald, of the 21st and 22d insts:

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's church, 18th street, New York, will preach in St. Paul's chapel, to-morrow, Thursday, evening. Dr. Gallaudet is well known throughout the country, for the extent and success of his labors among the deaf-mutes. For many years he has had in New York a large and regular congregation of deaf-mutes, to whom he preaches or interprets the sermons of others in the sign language. For the last few years in addition to his parish work, he has visited various cities in the West and in New England, for the purpose of holding occasional services for the benefit of those who are so entirely excluded by their misfortune, from any enjoyment of the public worship of God. It is believed that the service appointed for to-morrow evening is the first of the kind ever held in this city, and the deaf-mutes of the city and vicinity are earnestly and cordially invited to be present, and also to meet Dr. Gallaudet personally. The service will be of great interest to all others, as giving information and facts of interest concerning a much neglected and purely missionary work.

MR. EDITOR:—The mention of the distinguished divine, Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, in yesterday's *Herald*, brings some of us to the remembrance of a visit he made to this city—fifteen years ago. His father, the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, was the first pioneer of deaf-mute education in this country, and to whose memory there now stands a suitable monument in front of the institution of which he was the means of establishing, at Hartford, Conn., erected by the educated deaf and dumb of the United States, as a tribute of their love and gratitude for their late benefactor and friend. This mustard seed of sixty-one years has grown into a great tree of some forty-five such institutions, to say nothing of the springing up of many religious societies of deaf-mutes—in the number of which Massachusetts takes the lead, and of which Newburyport has one; it is a

society organized on a non-sectarian basis and composed of all the mutes of the different church denominations residing in the city and vicinity, whose object is to secure and enjoy religious instruction and preaching in their own sign-language. The Newburyport society, very fortunate in the possession of kind friends and a generous Christian public, has been enabled to hold regular weekly services during the past year, and now look forward for another year of the same kind interest in their spiritual welfare. After the lapse of so many years doubtless the personal friends and acquaintances of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet will be very happy to see him here again.

R. H. A.

In compliance with the earnest and cordial invitation above extended, the Newburyport society of the city proper attended Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's service in full force, at the Episcopal church.

In one of the cessations of his service, Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, incidentally referring to the late great controversy, said there had been a misunderstanding—probably the outgrowth of the use of an inappropriate word "mission." It was never his wish or intention to interfere with, divide or overturn any deaf-mute society. On the contrary he was in sympathy with every good work, and approved of our society, and would further say, continue it. He should, however, love to "hold a service" occasionally with them. And to the congregation present, which was good, he spoke a good word for our society, and recommended on their part a helping hand, all of which did credit to his head and heart. His remarks were well received, and duly appreciated by all the members present.

The next morning opened in all the genial warmth and loveliness of an Indian summer, and some of us, who were able, called on Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, at the house of Rev. Mr. Drown, with whom he was staying, and half an hour or so passed off very agreeably.

{ ELLEN A. RICHARDSON, Pres.,

{ LUCY S. COFFIN, Sec'y.

Newburyport, Mass., Nov. 28, 1877.

—The Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, received last Monday the following despatch from the wreck of the Huron:

Examined Huron aft with divers. Find upper works gone. Both decks floated up nearly to spar deck, so that divers could not get in ward-room. Will examine forward this afternoon. The undertow and current are very bad. The spar deck is entirely submerged, the port side being eight feet under water. Will be obliged to blow up spar deck to see if there are bodies in ward-room. Ship seems to be hogged about four feet forward. Pivot gun in place.

(Signed) E. M. STODDARD.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 9th.

The Psalter for the 9th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah v.

2d Lesson—Luke i, verse 39th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxiv.

2d Lesson—Romans xii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Advent.

Sunday, Dec. 16th.

The Psalter for the 16th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxv.

2d Lesson—Luke iii, to verse 19th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxviii, to v. 23d.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

MARRIED:

CLARK—WEYGINT—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Mexico, Nov. 28, 1877, by Rev. E. N. Stratton, of Syracuse, assisted by Rev. E. Barnetson, of Prattville, Mr. Herbert A. Clark and Miss Dora E. Weygint, both of Mexico.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spring \$6.80 Red 7.20 White 8.00
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail)..... 1.30
Shrimp, ½ ton,..... \$4.00
Shipments, ½ ton,..... \$20.00
Middlings, ½ ton,..... \$24.00
Corn,..... 70
Oats,..... 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,	15 @ 22
Loose Butter,	12 @ 18
Cheese,	11 @ 13
Lard,	20
Eggs, ½ dozen,	20
Beef, ½ lb,	05 @ 12½
Beef, ½ cwt,	\$4 @ 6
Mutton, ½ cwt,	\$6 @ 9
Pork, ½ barrel, retail,	\$15
Pork, ½ cwt,	\$5 @ 5½
Apples, (dried) ½ lb,	04
Ham, ½ lb,	11½
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb,	6 @ 8
Potatoes, ½ bush,	35 @ 40
Beef Hides, ½ lb,	5 @ 6

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will be such as to defy competition.

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Now is the time to get printing done.

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Leave your orders with us and they will be promptly attended to.

H. C. RIDER,
JOURNAL OFFICE,
MEXICO, N. Y.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Christmas holidays are close at hand, and a telegram has come: "Start at 9 A. M., to-morrow, for home. Harvey, Dec. 23d." "Oh, grandpa what do you think," said Lilla, with hurried breath. "Brother Harvey will soon be home—he says he is coming. Ain't I glad? Ain't you glad, grandpa?" Dear grandma; she laughed, then she cried; but I just took Daisy, and we danced around the room. I do think Daisy is glad too. Of course she is, my little pet." In runs Charlie; Ned, the dog after him. Such a gala hour will long be remembered at the home of the Judge. The little surprises for Harvey were discussed by all hands. Even Ned looked knowing, as if he took in the situation; at any rate, the rest were jubilant, and so was he. This household always observed Christmas in the good old-fashioned style by hanging up their stockings, from the Judge and Mrs. Shelby down to Lilla, and Daisy and Ned were not omitted. Faithful John, the coachman, reckoned on Christmas as much as any one, and Jane and Susan, the waitress and cook, were not forgotten.

Judge Shelby had departed from his usual rule for his Christmas dinner. It had been their custom only to have their own immediate family, but this Christmas Mr. Banks had been especially invited, also Mr. Parker. Dinner hour was to be at two o'clock. The invited guests were requested to be at the house at one, as there were to be some preliminaries before dinner.

It is six o'clock P. M., December 24th. John, the coachman, is on the alert. And why? It is about time for him to go to the train, which is due at 6:40. Charlie puts on his overcoat, kisses all hands and off they start, while Jane throws on a few more coals on the sitting room fire, brushes up the hearth and adjusts the polished fender as Mrs. Shelby quietly hums those sweet lines—

"My God the spring of all my joys."

Lilla peeps out into the darkness, with her little nose close to the window panes. Daisy mews, so as to attract her notice. Ned barks and paws at the door, as if expecting a friend, while Mr. and Mrs. Jerome glance at each other, enjoying the pleasing thought of Harvey's return. Judge Shelby had directed John to call for him at the office. Hark! the carriage wheels are heard in the distance. Dear Mrs. Shelby for a moment forgets her lameness, and attempts to rise; but she is soon reminded that she cannot; so she leans back in her easy chair awaiting the arrival. She did not wait long; Lilla runs from the window,—Daisy after her; Ned barks. In bounds Harvey right into his mother's open arms! She presses him to her heart, while Emma says, "Dear mother let me get a hug too." "Me too, me too," calls out Lilla. Harvey stoops down and takes the pet in his arms. Lilla hugs so tight that Harvey can scarcely breathe; Ned turns o'er and o'er with joy, then makes one bound on Harvey's shoulders as in days of yore. What a happy group! What a happy Christmas eve! One other event is yet to happen to climax the whole when all hands would shout "merry Christmas." We wait for that event.

The supper bell rings; once more an unbroken family around the festive board. The voice of thanksgiving is lifted up by the Judge, in which a hearty amen is echoed from each heart. They hardly knew whether they ate or not—so jubilant were all hearts. As for Lilla, the excitement of joy was so intense that grandma suggested that she eat a light supper and retire early. "What for dear grandma? I am not sleepy yet." "No, darling, but to-morrow is Christmas and you know you will wish to look bright and fresh for all day. Beside, grandma had another reason, unknown to that young heart. "Grandpa," said Lilla, "what time will Santa Claus come here?" "That will depend upon what time you go to bed and to sleep. Santa Claus always waits for little girls and little boys to retire for the night, little pet." "Then I will not keep him away very long, grandpa." So the little one, after she had played with Daisy and Ned, (who by the way were now good friends), kissed all and went cheerfully with Jane to her little bed. Soon sleep overtook her. Rest little one till another morn, when thine eyes shall open on a bright Christmas morn, commemorative of that glad morn when Christ was born.

Ah! the night is scarcely over; the gray dawn of the morning light appears, and a little voice is heard singing—

"Lord in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high."

No more sleep in that house. Lilla is into grandma's bed, kissing her and grandpa, while the "merry Christmas" sounds all over the house. All hands are up. There is no use of trying to sleep; they are peeping after Santa Claus—and sure enough he has been and gone, and here are his Christmas gifts. Not one has been forgotten. "Why, how does Santa Claus know us all? Did you, grandpa write and tell him all our names, and what we wanted?" Grandma tried to impress on Lilla's mind that Santa Claus was wise, and knew just what to bring. So the question was settled in Lilla's mind at once. No appeal, even from grandma's decision; her word was law.

The usual hour of breakfast had arrived. After that meal was over each one resorted to their work or pleasure; till about twelve o'clock, when all went to prepare themselves for their company and their dinner hour. Lilla had a new dress made for the occasion, which Mrs. Jerome had superintended. Never did she appear more beautiful in her eyes than that morning as she said, "Aunt Emma, whose room is that going to be, up stairs? It looks so pretty. Is some one going to sleep there and stay here all the time?" "Yes, darling, I think so. Shall I tell you whose room it will be?" "Oh, do," said Lilla. "Mr. Parker will have it. You never saw Mr. Parker did you?" No, auntie, I never did. Yet, sometimes, I think I know him. You all talk so much about him. Oh! I am so glad that I am going to see him to-day. I hope he will love me, auntie. Dear child, love thee! He will be love intensified. No words can express it. Vain, vain is language. Can it be, father, after long, dark and dreary years of separation, thy lonely heart is to know that here, on this fair earth, there is one little heart all thine own, that thy little Lilla lives—lives to bless thee with her smile, lives to be thy sole companion till thou shalt find another wife, true, faithful and kind? Dost thou dream that such a Christmas is in store for thee? Why has all this been hidden from thine eyes? Echo answers why? The fitness of things has not as yet come, but soon it will. Then no more lonely nights; no more heart-breaking sobs. Thy Lilla shall nestle close to thy heart, and from her lips thou shalt hear sweet songs of praise.

One o'clock has come. Just as the ring of the striking clock is over the sound of voices are heard. Mr. Banks entered, accompanied by Mr. Parker. Judge Shelby was on hand to give the customary salutation as he said: "A merry Christmas, Mr. Parker." There was unusual emotion manifested. Mr. Parker felt it as he returned the compliment with feelings better felt than described. They are invited to be seated. Judge Shelby asked to be excused for a few moments. Mrs. Shelby is conducted into the parlor leaning on the strong arm of her faithful husband. Mr. Banks and she are old and long-tried friends—cousins at that. Mr. Parker, she has never met. The Judge said: "Wife, it is with very great pleasure I introduce to you my friend, Mr. Parker." The customary salutations were then and there exchanged, and Mrs. Shelby was conducted to her easy chair. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Jerome entered, Lilla, Harvey and Charlie following. As Mr. and Mrs. Jerome were known to Mr. Parker, there was no need of any formality. Harvey and Charlie were presented; then the Judge requested all to rise excepting Mrs. Shelby. He then took Lilla by the hand, and stepped forward to Mr. Parker. How the voice of the strong man trembled as he said: "Mr. Parker, there comes a time in individual histories when duties are imposed, and if those duties are pleasing to parties concerned, then they become joyful. No doubts exist in the minds of any one now present that I am performing a just act—an act that heaven smiles on—an act that your sainted wife looks down upon with glorified rapture; an act that to-day, this hour, in the presence of these witnesses, makes you the conscious and joyful father of your own lost Lilla; here she is, in all the purity of life, uncontaminated, your own, all your own; and my darling pet Lilla, grandpa puts you now into the loving arms of your own father! Here the Judge broke down. Mr. Parker sank into his chair with his own lost Lilla. The grasp was relaxed; Lilla was taken from the grasp that encircled her; all rushed forward; it was too much. Mr. Parker appeared as one lifeless. He had fainted through mental emotion. Who wonders that he had fainted? Such intense joy no words could portray! The long pent up heart only found relief in unconsciousness and in not bringing him back too soon, or the scene might be repeated. Let the weary one rest till

nature shall recuperate. At last the faint words were heard: "What did I hear? Was it a dream? Where, oh where am I?" At last the eyelids parted and the man, the father, felt the warmth, the pressure of little loving hands upon his brow. All was quiet now. The dinner bell rang; Lilla held the hands of her father and grandfather, and was seated beside them at the table, and the Judge invoked a blessing on all. In a moment he said: "Mr. Parker, feel at home with us; this is for the future your home. We cannot part with Lilla! you cannot; therefore, be assured you are welcome." Never did a Christmas dinner taste as good; Lilla called out so sweetly "papa!" After the meal was over, Mrs. Shelby passed an hour of rest, occasionally glancing at Mr. Parker. After a time she said: "Oh, what a strong likeness between father and child! what a nice family we have." They looked on Mr. Parker as a son. At four o'clock Lilla was asked by Mrs. Jerome to sing those sweet words her own dear mother had taught her—

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

Then the tears began to fall from Mr. Parker's eyes, and the overcrowded brain found relief. Mr. Parker was as near heaven as one could be without entering the Pearly Gates. How the anthem rang throughout the vast expanse, "Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace, and good will to men." That indeed was a Christmas carol of praise from glorified ones. The hidden hand re-touched its golden lyre, and from heaven to earth, one song of praise, one glad chorus resounded:

"The dead are alive, the lost is found."

The quiet doing of Miss Emma, as she took by the hand earth's little one, had not been forgotten or undervalued. That act took hold of invisible ones, invisible things. Those good deeds went on, and, yet, on, till the final consummation—this merry Christmas morning. Reader, wouldst thou be rich in good deeds, good works? Go thou and do likewise; then shalt thou, too, reap an abundant harvest.

FROM WEALTH TO POVERTY.

ANOTHER ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE—HOW A FAMILY WERE WRECKED.

One dark night, some years ago, a vessel lay moored at one of the principal wharves of Boston. She was a frigate, and was bound on a voyage to the East Indies. She had received her cargo, and was to sail at high water the same evening. About an hour before sailing, a man dressed shabbily, and under the influence of liquor, staggered on board, and offered to take passage on the ship as a common sailor, for a very meagre sum. The captain being one man short, and seeing a chance to get one on easy terms, hired him. The papers were signed, and in less than an hour the ship had cast off and was bounding on her course.

The new hand was too much intoxicated to be of service, and he was put in the cabin to sleep it off. He was on deck the following day, and the mate assigned him his duties. In the evening he took his turn at the wheel. The captain was walking the deck, and noticing the perfect ease with which the new man discharged his duty, he approached him and found him to be of noble structure, with a high forehead and intelligent eye, and he conversed on all matters pertaining to navigation with remarkable intelligence, and soon convinced the captain that he was no ordinary sailor. Each day produced some new appointment, and the captain grew anxious to know how a man of such ability should beg the situation of a common sailor. His curiosity increased, until one day, while below together, he elicited the following bit of history:

The man said, "I am the only son of one of the most aristocratic families in Boston. I have two sisters, who are regarded as very beautiful. My father is an officer of high rank in the United States navy. I graduated from one of the most eminent colleges in the country, and have also been an officer in the United States navy. We all lived in great style and moved in the highest circles. We drank wine, I became intemperate, disgraced my family, and determined never to shame them with my presence again, and came and shipped with you, but I am never going to drink any more, and am going to be a man."

The captain took an interest in him, and soon made him mate of his vessel. In due time the vessel arrived in Calcutta and discharged her cargo. In port at the same time was another frigate from New York, and the captain of the two vessels recognized each other as old friends, having sailed together long ago, before either were officers. In a few days the captain of the New York vessel was taken sick

with the yellow fever and died, so also his mate. The captain of the Boston frigate tendered the services of his new mate to take the vessel to New York, which was gladly accepted by the agents in Calcutta, and the two vessels started homeward. The captain, arriving in Boston, interviewed the family of the mate and told them his whereabouts and condition, which brought joy to the family.

In a few days the captain took command of a trading vessel and sailed on a six years' voyage, and heard nothing of the family during the entire time. When he returned he once more went to the house to visit the family, but they were not there, and he could nowhere find anything about them and he went to New York to live, a retired sea captain. One evening some years after, he stepped into a saloon with a friend, and while enjoying their smoke he noticed a tall spare man leaning against the bar; the more he looked at him the more he became convinced he knew him, and he finally rose and begged leave to ask his name. The man started as he said, "Are you captain B.?" The captain recognized him as the man he left in command of the ship in Calcutta; but he was now careworn and haggard, and when he inquired concerning the family he was told the following: He said, "I brought my ship to New York and returned to my family, who received me with great joy. I received an appointment in the navy again, and once more mingled in high life, and once more fell a victim to the cup. My father was implicated in some scandal, and was sent for to return from San Francisco, where he was stationed, to have an investigation. The shame was so great that it drove him mad, and he shot himself on his way home. The family became destitute; we had to leave our fine house and retire from society; the blow was so great that my poor mother soon died. My oldest sister married a man who proved to be intemperate. She was neglected, and soon died of almost starvation. My other sister works in a shop in the city, hardly earning enough to keep body and soul together, and I wander here and there, fully aware that it is too late for me to reform, and that I must soon go."

The captain promised to see him in a few days and help him, but before he got an opportunity he read of his death in the paper. He saw him buried, but could not find the sister, and the family had almost been forgotten, when the captain read of the sister's death in a very lowly quarter of the city, and related this bit of history for which he truthfully vouches.

—The partial destruction by fire of a marble building, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 22d ult., caused a loss of about \$125,000.

—The steamer *Helvetia*, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 22d inst., took out twenty-four American horses, mostly designed for carriage use, but some for farm work.

—Two freight trains collided near Grafton, N. H., Nov. 21st, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, wrecking both engines and several cars. A man who was riding on one of the locomotives was badly bruised.

—A telegram received at San Francisco, from Shanghai, November 20th, stated that the United States vice-consul had been tried for embezzlement, pleaded guilty, was imprisoned, and that he appealed to the President.

—The works of L. Candee & Co., Rubber Company, manufacturers of rubber boots and shoes, employing six hundred hands, were destroyed by fire, on the 19th ult., at a loss of from \$60,000 to \$750,000. The fire was accidental.

—The accounts of W. S. B. Gill, a lawyer, of Pittsburgh, who disappeared from that city a short time ago, show irregularities amounting to over \$200,000. It is believed that the deficiency will amount to half a million. The loss falls upon clients, and estates that he held in trust.

—The Fort Edward Institute, of Fort Edward, N. Y., was destroyed by fire about six o'clock P. M., the 19th ult. There were nearly two hundred students in attendance at the time of the fire, who had barely time to escape. Many of them lost their clothing and money. Loss \$125,000; insured for \$90,000.

—The Grand National Dog Show was held at Philadelphia, opening Nov. 26th and closing the 30th, at which over 500 dogs of all sizes and breeds were exhibited, among which were setters, English and Irish breeds, pointers, spaniels, Newfoundlands, terriers, mastiffs, Dachsunds, beagles and miscellaneous kinds. Among others were "Samurahi," a pointer belonging to Mr. C. L. Austin, of Boston, valued at \$10,000; Mr. Derough's celebrated imported English setter "Fame," valued at \$5000; "Eph," a bull dog, belonging to Mr. Wells, of Brooklyn, valued at \$500; the Rose-tree pack of fox-hounds, an imported pug of the Lord Wiloughby stock, valued at \$500; also many performing dogs. Prizes amounted to \$12,000 were awarded.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—An Italian International Exhibition will be held at Milan in 1879.

—A Chinese physician, in Buffalo, is said to be obtaining a large practice.

—Fifty employees of the Hock cigar manufacturing company, at Springfield, Mass., struck Nov. 19th.

—The Warren Court, N. Y., Board of Supervisors have appropriated \$15,000 for a new court house and jail.

—Mrs. William Pawkins, of Brooklyn, an invalid, while bathing, fainted and was drowned in the bath tub.

—The *Cleveland Herald* was recently sold to ex-Congressman R. C. Parsons and Colonel W. P. Fogg for \$100,000.

—The steamer *Somerset*, which left Bristol, Eng., Nov. 7, for New York, returned, having lost her propeller.

—Fifteen hundred weavers at two of the largest mills of Oldham, Eng., have struck against a reduction of wages.

—Wood & Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants, of Montreal, have failed. Liabilities \$120,000; assets about 20 cents on a dollar.

—Six dwelling houses in West Hoboken, N. J., were destroyed by fire, early on the morning of Nov. 20th, causing a loss of \$15,000.

—The recent Potomac river freshet caused a suspension of travel and a delay of freight, for several days, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

—Mr. Julius Sayre, of Southampton, Long Island, was found dead, in his corn-house, Saturday evening, November 24th, having died from heart disease.

—Henry Hensemman, of New York, who shot his three children and then himself, on the 12th of November, died on the 25th, at the Chambers Street Hospital.

—The United States Senate Committee on privileges and elections have designated January 9th, for hearing a delegation from the Woman's Suffrage Association.

—John Potts, a young drunkard of Pottstown, W. Va., killed his father on the evening of the 22d inst. The whole community is indignant, and there are threats of lynching the fiend.

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Are not advertised as "cure-alls," but are specific in the diseases for which they are recommended.

NATURAL SELECTION.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. By reason of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Remedies have outlived all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Alternative, or Blood-cleansing.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Pectoral.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is a Cholagogue, or Liver Stimulant.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Tonic.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

By reason of its Alternative properties, cures Diseases of the blood and skin, as Scrofula, or King's Evil; Tumors; Ulcers or Old Sores; Blisters; Pimples; and Eruptions. By virtue of its Pectoral properties, it cures Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Affections; Incipient Consumption; Languishing Coughs; and Chronic Laryngitis. Its Cholagogue properties render it an unequalled remedy for Bilelessness; Torpid Liver, or "Liver Complaint;" and its Tonic properties make it equally efficacious in curing Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Dyspepsia.

Where the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and affections, a few bottles of Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver*. The Golden Medical Discovery will cure you. In many cases of "Liver Complaint," only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is no equal, as it cures perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

P. P. P. P.

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Purely Vegetable. No care required while using them.

The "Little Giant" Cathartic, or Miltum in Parvo Physic, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, and are sugar-coated. They remove the necessity of taking the great, crude, drastic, sickening pills, heretofore so much in use. As a remedy for Headache, Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head, Tightness about the Chest, Bad Taste in Mouth, Eruptions from the Stomach, Bileless Attacks, Jaundice, Pain in the Kidneys, Highly-colored Urine, and Internal Fever, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unsurpassed. Furthermore, I would say that their action is universal, not a gland escaping their sanative impress. Age does not impair the properties of these Pellets. They are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are always fresh and reliable. This is not the case with those pills which are put up in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. The daily use of two Pellets has cured the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Blisters, Pimples, Sore Eyes and Eruptions. They are, however, recommended to be taken in connection with the Golden Medical Discovery, in order to secure the best results.

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